

The Critic

23.

NUMBER 541
VOLUME XVIII } TWELFTH YEAR

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1892.

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Published Weekly, at 32 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1892.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 32 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Literature

Henry Boynton Smith *

THE PROFESSOR in Union Theological Seminary who trained many hundreds of young men for the Christian ministry, who was an ornament to the metropolitan city, and who perceptibly shaped the thinking of his own church, is fortunate in his biographer. The brilliant Professor at Bangor understood his subject thoroughly, for the two men were, in physical life, intellectual sympathies and spiritual aspiration, notably alike. Both were born theologians, and as courageous as lions, though celebrated for their skill as peace-makers. In both, to use Dr. Roswell Hitchcock's fine phrase, 'the sword was too short for the scabbard.' Both knew the ministry of suffering, and the biographer died almost as soon as he laid down the pen which traced the final page of this work now before us.

One of the few American theologians known in Europe, Henry Boynton Smith's life extended from the year 1815 to 1877. He was born in Portland, Maine, and died in New York. He was educated at Bowdoin, Andover and Bangor, and in France and Germany. In the latter country he made many friendships with eminent men who afterwards expressed surprise at his becoming a Congregational country parson in a Massachusetts village. He taught philosophy at Amherst College for three years, and then in 1850 began his brilliant career in Union Seminary. By an address at Andover Seminary in 1849, on 'The Relations of Faith and Philosophy,' his reputation as a leader was assured. Reprinted in Europe and admired on both sides of the ocean by the ablest theologians, this address is yet read, and stands as a luminous point in the pathway of American theology. The characteristics of his whole career are strikingly manifest in it. They are profound learning, thorough literary and philosophical culture, wise discrimination and warm charity, all permeated with an unswerving love and loyalty to the Christ. From first to last, Christ was the centre of his system of thought. His consecrated ambition was to 'Christologize' all departments of dogmatic theology. He believed that the method and expression of theology were too much those of the schoolmen and sophists and too little those of Christ. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly, it seems to us, have been found, standing shoulder to shoulder with the teachers in Union Seminary to-day who are following up his work. His main thesis was that God is more of a Christian than Augustine, or Calvin, or the Pope, or the divines of Westminster have been willing to allow. Unfortunately for his (perhaps necessary) absorption in editorial and literary labors, in the translation of German works, Dr. Smith never completed his theological lectures in a form for publication. Hence, except to his students who even yet thrill with his electric teachings, he is practically unknown to the world. Nevertheless, his force as a leader abides. Neither Union Seminary nor its most prominent teacher, Dr. Briggs, would exert quite the force, or have so strong a hold on thinking men, but for the personality and work of Henry Boynton Smith.

* Henry Boynton Smith. By Lewis F. Stearns, D.D. (American Religious Leaders. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is hard to overpraise the work of the biographer. He sets forth, with light from the inside, as well as by reflection from external facts and writings, the man and his work. His marvellous familiarity with the depths of the science of theology and with every detail of our national religious life, makes this, in a real sense, a handbook of American theology. Apart from any interest in the man whom it so faithfully portrays, we imagine that the book will interest all who would interpret the conflicts and controversies of the present by a study of the past.

"Concerning All of Us" *

'CONCERNING ALL OF US' might be appropriately rechristened—anabaptistically—'Concerning Some of Us,' the 'some' including the fairer portion of creation, however universal the 'concern' may be in its inclusiveness. The crisp little social essays forming the volume begin and end with women, whose pronounced champion Col. Higginson is, in the attitude not of a doubting Thomas, but of a St. George fighting the dragon—man. *Arma feminasque cano* might be his motto, but for its bad Latinity and its un-Vergilian metre. Renan at the regeneration wants to be born a woman; Col. Higginson is already born one in his sympathies, his insights, his gentle philosophies and quick angers. The one burden of his song is the equality of woman with man, in rights, in privileges, in intellect, in everything. No matter whether she wants these rights or not, as a principle of abstract justice she must have them—lying in bank, as it were, to be drawn upon by cheque-book when wanted, subject to 'order,' intellectual and spiritual consols ready for use in any emergency. Each essay in one form or another dangles the glittering toy-temptation before her eye, now at one angle, now at another, until it must be almost impossible for her to resist. The orientalized woman, shaded and curtained and secluded in her twilight sequestration, is the one subject of the essayist's pity and aversion,—the houri wingless yet witching who presides over the Koranic paradise. He would have her a 'pillar of society,' the mother of ten children, furnishing heroes to the Republic yet not discontented to live in the tranquil isolation of the farm until her ten—or her one—are called for. Miss Seawell's outburst against her sex (in *The Critic*) is appropriately excoriated in 'The Lilliputian Theory of Woman'—which is, we fancy, a way of saying 'The Theory of Woman as a Lilliputian.' This little essay points out the omission of certain celebrated women from Miss Seawell's list as destructive of her argument; while Eli Whitney's invention is really found to be the work of a Southern woman.

Many other smart little topics are smartly discussed in other *études*, with the delicacy and trenchancy of the French fashion of discussing fashionable—or unfashionable—topics, as, for instance, in the *caractères* of La Bruyère. There is a very charming history of the feminine conquest of social England by American women. The fairy-tale of the 'discontented spinster' is told with Cinderella-like cleverness, the unhappy creature being shown to be a 'myth'; while 'the woman who enjoys being bullied and trampled upon is dying out from the world!' An excellent word is put in, in another corner, against the absurd mechanical teaching of certain public schools in following the analytical method called 'process,'—jumbling up a child's brains by a flood of silly questions about the why and the wherefore of well-known facts. English and American health are contrasted suggestively, with Col. Higginson's usually happy success of setting things on their right legs. America has no such group of intellectual invalids as shown by the younger generation of English men-of-letters to which Hamerton, Symonds, Stevenscn, Henley and Kipling belong; 'certainly the dyspeptic old age of Carlyle and the perturbed intellect of Ruskin have been painfully unlike the serene

* Concerning All of Us. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.

and wholesome declining years of Whittier and Holmes.' It is evident to Col. Higginson, as it was to Fanny Kemble, that a new national temperament is in process of evolution 'over here,' a temperament neither English nor French, yet combining the excellences of both. It is probably due to the 'added drop of nervous fluid' which Matthew Arnold so highly resented as forming part of the imaginary American whom he combatted with his fencing foils. The American girl certainly reveals it in the most striking form, transformed into a golden globule of psychic force that floats her airily through European salons into the possession of treasured dignities hitherto incommunicable to the aggressive foreigner.

Thus, in many light yet incisive and graceful papers, the author of these society pages reports on contemporary topics often of singular interest, always touching them with delicate pen, occasionally (like all good talkers) repeating himself, now and then slipping into little fallibilities of judgment or proof-reading (*Velapük*, p. 104; a woman, p. 119; unmarried, p. 165; *à les noms*, for *aux*, etc., p. 188, in some imperfectly remembered French, etc.); but gathering into extremely readable form countless minor and many major notes of the age. The Harpers are fortunate in possessing such a triad of accomplished social observers as Mr. Curtis, Mr. Warner and Col. Higginson, whose volumes appear in the same delightful diminutive duodecimo form.

William Morris's "Poems By the Way"

TO ALL WHO love strong and simple verse, pure and spontaneous, genuine and unconventional, William Morris's 'Poems by the Way' will bring joy and delight. His is the Muse of the North, and these ballads of 'The Folk-mote by the River,' 'Love's Reward,' 'The God of the Poor' and 'The Raven and the King's Daughter' are worthy of her whose right hand is 'full of smiting and of wrong' and whose left hand holds pity, to whom he sings:—

O Mother, and Love and Sister all in one
Come thou; for sure I am enough alone
That thou thine arms about my heart shouldst throw,
And wrap me in the grief of long ago.

Some of the most charming verses in the volume are those written for Mr. Burne Jones's pictures. Here is one to 'Pomona':—

I am the ancient Apple-Queen,
As once I was so am I now.
Forevermore a hope unseen,
Betwixt the blossom and the bough.

Ah, where's the river's hidden gold!
And where the windy grave of Troy?
Yet come I as I came of old,
From out the heart of Summer's joy.

And here are a few of the felicitous couplets for Tapestry Trees:—

YEW

Dark down the windy vale I grow,
The father of the fateful Bow.

OLIVE

The king I bless; the lamps I trim;
In my warm wave de fishes swim.

VINE

I draw the blood from out the earth;
I store the sun for winter mirth.

BAY

Look on my leafy boughs, the Crown
Of living Song and dead renown!

Exquisite bits like these are worth volumes of much that now-a-days gets published as *Poems*. This collection shows conclusively the author's right to be named among the three great living English poets, and to wear 'the Crown of living Song.' The American edition is almost a facsimile reproduction of the original.

* *Poems by the Way*. Written by William Morris. \$1.25. Roberts Bros.

A New Edition of Lever's Novels*

THOSE WHO ARE old enough to remember the first appearance of 'Harry Lorrequer,' a little more than fifty years ago, will recall the cachinnatory enjoyment which the perusal of his exuberantly jolly adventures afforded them. It was genuine Irish humor, as healthy as it was amusing. The absurdities of the story were palpable enough, but, swept along by the author's irresistible current of mirth and frolic, one's critical powers were paralyzed, and he gave himself up to the fun of the thing, as a schoolboy does to any tempting foolery or mischief. 'Laughter holding both his sides' finds it difficult to put on the spectacles of the literary censor; if he got them on his nose by desperate effort, the comicality of the next paragraph would shake them off. So the novel was not only popular at once with readers in general, but it tickled the grave reviewers, who could not, for the life of them, make up their minds to point out its faults as a work of fiction. And hence it is that those who read it half a century ago renew their youth in chuckling over it now, as they light upon this handsome library edition, with all the inimitable illustrations by 'Phiz' (H. K. Browne), who is as jocular in his way as Lever in his). 'Harry Lorrequer' has already appeared in two volumes, and 'Arthur O'Leary' in one. The typography is that of the University Press at Cambridge, which sufficiently attests its quality. The novels have been often reprinted here in cheap form, but this is the first American edition worth putting on a gentleman's book-shelves.

In the preface to the English edition of 1872, Lever tells us how he began these stories as contributions to the *Dublin University Magazine*, not dreaming that they would have more than an ephemeral vitality, and how surprised he was when he 'found himself famous.' It is interesting to learn that many of the incidents were based on fact, while others were 'actual facts, well-known to many who had formed part of the army of occupation in France.' Among the latter were the adventures of Trevanion and the French duellist. While Lever did not record any of his personal experiences, he admits that in sketching Harry Lorrequer he was, 'in a great measure, depicting himself, and becoming, allegorically, an autobiographer.' From his Hibernian love of fun and fondness for practical jokes, we can imagine that his real autobiography, if written, would be much in the vein of Lorrequer's.

We congratulate a new generation of readers on the pleasure they have in store in these rollicking stories thus given a fresh lease of life in becoming form.

"Makers of Modern Thought"†

THE AUTHOR'S OBJECT in this book, he tells us, is to trace the spiritual evolution of modern Europe from about the year 1200 to 1700. The spiritual life of man, he holds, depends mainly upon law, religion and morality; but the sciences and arts are also concerned in it, and he has aimed, therefore, at giving an account of such movements of thought in the leading European countries as have affected any or all of these agencies. The book is in the main a compilation, consisting of brief biographies of prominent thinkers and discoverers, with extracts from or abstracts of their principal works. Of the earlier thinkers, beginning with Roger Bacon, only a biographical account is given, and in the case of scientists this method is adhered to throughout; but when the philosophers, moralists and jurists are taken up, long extracts from their works are made, in order to show with greater clearness what their contributions to modern thought really were. Descartes's 'Discourse on Method,' for instance, is translated and published entire; and Grotius, Hobbes, Shakespeare, Bacon and several other thinkers and writers are represented by

* *Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*, 2 vols. \$1. Arthur O'Leary. \$2.50. By Charles Lever. (New Library Edition.) Little, Brown & Co.

† *Makers of Modern Thought*; or, *Five Hundred Years' Struggle between Science, Ignorance and Superstition*. By David Nasmyth. 2 vols. \$4.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

numerous characteristic extracts. In this way the reader is brought into closer contact with the 'makers of thought,' and given a more vivid idea of their personality and mode of thinking than would have been possible if the author had confined himself to mere description; hence, for those who lack the time or the means for more thorough study of the original works, Mr. Nasmith's book will be valuable.

We cannot think, however, that he has fully succeeded in his avowed purpose of tracing the spiritual evolution of Europe; and this for various reasons. His work is specially defective in that it fails to show the interconnection between the various thinkers treated of, and to indicate how far the ideas of the later thinkers were developed from those of the earlier ones. Each thinker, as a rule, is treated alone, with little or no reference to his relation to those who preceded and those who followed him, this being particularly noticeable in the case of the philosophers. Moreover, Mr. Nasmith gives a very insufficient account of the revival of Greek learning in the fifteenth century, and shows no adequate appreciation of its influence on modern thought. Finally, although he has a good deal to say about religion, he shows little or no sympathy with the religious spirit, and seems to think that a man's religious opinions are a matter of indifference. In spite of these defects, however, his book contains much interesting matter, and we commend it to students of the history of science and philosophy.

"A Daughter of the South" *

THE BREEZY SUMMER days require breezy books. A book that is not breezy—a breezeless book—is, in the dog days, under the approaching star Sirius, well-nigh intolerable, the 'burden of it' quite beyond endurance. Light drinks, light burdens, light books: such is the aspiration of the summer day, of the *ephemerides* that lie in porch and portico and bask in the breaking sunshine that falls 'twixt sea and leaf, of the idler by the beach or in the mountains, clasping rest to his bosom. In ancient Rome the furnishes of nightingales' tongues doubtless flourished as a chosen guild; in modern Babylon intellectual caterers are even daintier. A book must be silkier than a rose-leaf, airier than the pollen in a lily's throat, to please the fastidious modern touch with all its tactile refinements, especially in the glow of summer, when anything but the touch of an icicle burns.

The women of America are cultivating this rare talent of midsummer caterer. A man's pen is almost too heavy for the season: something more aerial is demanded: a diet light and exhilarating as the soma-juice of the Vedas, acidulous like that, and even capable of being worshipped and deified like it, is the need of the American summer guest. Mrs. Burton Harrison has not been slow to perceive the demand, or perhaps, being constitutionally endowed with the gift of airy and trenchant writing, she merely exercises her natural talents in her own way, and sends us a group of bright novelettes, without any intentional lightness or 'specific levity' about them. 'A Daughter of the South' is the longest of seven sketches gathered from various magazines to which they were contributed in the last few months. It apparently grazes at this and that contact-point the career of a *grande dame* well known in Louisiana and Knickerbocker theatrical circles, revealing a knowledge of Southern, Northern and Parisian life esoteric in the main and illuminative of the characters and nationalities framed in the little picture. 'Jenny, the Débutante' we like better: a story of Europeanized Americans of shabby-genteel proclivities, artfully engaged in inviting the Continental fly into their parlors. Mr. Clendenning Piper must be well-known in New York, where his name is several thousand names behind among the future eligibles to the fashionable clubs, and where his millions are yet too new

to shine. Several generations must come and go before the gold of the Pipers has undergone abrasion and corrosion enough to admit it to circulation in certain 'old gold' sets. The story of the New York sub-editor is delightfully suggested in 'A Thorn in his Cushion,' the 'thorn' being an anonymous contributor whose contribution is rejected, but whose — self is finally 'accepted.'

All through these society studies one traces a felicitous manner, a keen eye, a happy memory, and a pleasant dramatic power, reproducing in miniature the mimic comedies of every-day fashionable life. These comedies live in and for Summer-land, and there they will be studied and welcomed.

"From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea" *

HERE IS A PORTLY and handsome book full of pictures made by the artist himself, who has been penman and traveller both. A glance at the colored map at once reveals the novelty and interest of the narrative. Instead of the beaten track overland, we have the red line telling of a water-journey from London northward through the Kara Sea and into the Yenisei river to the heart of Siberia, and past Lake Baikal and through the Great Wall to Peking. Here indeed is a vista into fresh scenes and new routes.

As special artist of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Price, a man in the prime and vigor of life, and loving adventure and travel as life itself, accompanied the British steamer *Biscaya*. The expedition was intended to demonstrate the possibility of direct trade and water communication between England and the land of refrigerated mastodons. The summer trip through Weigats and the ice-decked Kara sea acclimated him for the region of tundras. What he tells us of the noble proportions of the Yenisei river and its magnificent scenery is like a revelation. The little light-draught steamer *Phoenix* finally arrived at Yeniseisk, when winter's first touch was felt. It opens a new chapter in commercial enterprise to find a freighted British steamer able to get into Siberian Russia so far below the sixtieth parallel and so near the border of China. Mr. Price visited the homes, monasteries, and prisons. Those who wish light on Russian penology and the Siberian prison-system will welcome the witness of Mr. Price, which contrasts remarkably with that of Mr. Kennan. The second part of the book tells of the journey through Mongolia, and is, on the whole, full of incidents which are more pleasing to read of than to experience. With health, unfailing good-nature and a stalwart readiness to encounter adventure, the cheery traveller finally reached Shanghai. Every page is readable, and the book is not only charming as a story of travel, but adds a new chapter to the opening story of Siberian development. In the last chapter a cheering view is given of China and the influential work of Mr. Hart, who has placed Chinese customs and revenue on a sure basis of prosperity. We heartily welcome this narrative of life along unbeaten tracks in Siberia and China.

Demography †

DR. LEFFINGWELL has written two studies in morals, and put them into a single volume. (1) The most important one is of 'Illegitimacy,' and is the first treatise on the subject in the English language; 'a subject,' Mr. Gladstone remarks, 'which well deserves all the labor that can be bestowed upon it.' Illegitimate births in the different sections of the British Isles are mainly studied. Each tabular statement is the result of personal research and the investigation of official records, and may be accepted as accurate. The statistics of several successive years are presented. The stories of Gretchen, of Effie Deans, Hester Prynne, Hetty Sorrel and Fantine are taken out of the glare of sympathetic romance,

* From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea. By Julius M. Price. \$6. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* A Daughter of the South, and Shorter Stories. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. \$1. Cassell Publishing Co.

† 1. Illegitimacy; and the Influence of Seasons upon Conduct. Two Studies in Demography. By Albert Leffingwell, M. D. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. The Evolution of Marriage and of the Family. By Ch. Letourneau. \$1.25. Contemporary Science Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. 3. Marriage and Disease. By E. A. Stranshan, M. D. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

and presented in the cold hard light of scientific investigation. A sad phase of human experience, treated by Goethe, Scott, Hawthorne, George Eliot and Victor Hugo, should not be put aside by the general reader as uninteresting and repulsive when examined in connection with national morality. The proper lines of inquiry concerning illegitimate births are: to what extent do they prevail among the most civilized people; how are they affected by poverty and destitution; are they checked by the diffusion of education and increased by ignorance; are they influenced by religion, or deterred by differing creeds; and what is the influence of race, legislation and public sentiment. All these factors are thoroughly examined, and the result is a remarkable exhibit. When we can assume, from accurate statistics over a long series of years, the persistence of the fact 'that of every thousand children born in England and Wales during the year 1893, at least 42 or 43 will be illegitimate,' we have a terrible fact in the history of human conduct. Departure from sexual morality cannot be ascribed to poverty, since it least manifests itself where destitution and want have their strongest hold. The absence of secular education is not a sufficient cause. In the great centres of commerce and manufacture it has no such rate of prevalence as in secluded villages. Scotland, the land of purest Calvinism and strictest Sabbath-keeping, exhibits double the illegitimacy of England. Ireland, especially in the Catholic provinces, has the lowest rate; while Norway, Sweden and Denmark (Protestant) show a high rate (in fact, this is the case where there is a mixture of Scandinavian blood) as do Austria, and Bavaria (Roman Catholic). In France, excepting Paris and certain departments, the rate is not high. Some of the laws of the prevalence of illegitimacy arrived at in this inquiry may be thus summarised:—1. In all sections of the United Kingdom it is most prevalent where thrift and prosperity are general, and least where poverty is the common state. 2. In Great Britain it is least among the population of cities, and most in rural communities. 3. The influence of religion is a powerful agent against it. 4. The hypothesis of the influence of poverty has strong support. We have the convincing conclusion that the rate of illegitimacy in the United Kingdom, as well as in the greater part of Europe, has been for many years slowly declining.

The second study in morals in Dr. Leffingwell's book is 'The Influence of Seasons upon Conduct.' The hypothesis suggested by Q. Jetelet years ago as a strong probability, but then unverified by statistical evidence, that upon the nervous human organization there is exerted a specific influence, during the procession of the seasons, from the close of winter till midsummer, which in some way tends to heighten emotion and passion, and hence increase all issuing actions, the result being a disturbance of equilibrium, is examined in the light of facts. The phases of human conduct influenced by this cosmic force are suicide, crime against the person, murder and its attempts, crimes against chastity, attacks of insanity, and births, especially illegitimate. It has been generally held that suicide, especially in England, is most prevalent in the dark season, that of poverty and distress and mental gloom. The evidence of statistics has dispelled this common notion, and it is positively shown that in every country of Europe its drift is from the end of winter to July, and this is uniform year after year. From the advent of spring, and extending into the summer, there is invariably an increase in lunacy. As spring advances, mental restlessness and intensive excitement are noted amongst the inmates of asylums. There is, moreover, a remarkable correspondence at fixed periods in the year's cycle between the tendency to outbreaks of insanity and suicidal acts. In England and Wales fifty-four per cent. of homicidal attacks happen between April 1 and Sept. 30. In these curious statements of the varying influence of season as a great and constant causal factor of crime, we are brought face to face with evidence on which we can depend. Is this influence limited to crime, insanity, etc.? Dr. Leffingwell thinks, if attention were generally directed to the inquiry, we might find the same proclivity toward all passionate and emotional states—as ill-temper, unreasoning rage, jealousy, and other bad qualities—obeying the same general law and 'by season seasoned.'

The aim of M. Ch. Letourneau's 'Evolution of Marriage' (2) is to assist in the foundation of a new science—ethnographical sociology. The method of treatment is the same as that adopted by the author in his 'Evolution de la Morale'—the method of natural science. The subject, it is claimed, 'is closely connected with what, *par excellence*, we call "morals." There is a large gathering of facts, well assorted and presented, often curious and suggestive, from the lower stages of social evolution, when women were held as live-stock, and treated and guarded as other domestic animals, to that of a higher civilization and better sexual morality. While this is done in a strictly scientific spirit, which should neither rouse nor satisfy unhealthy curiosity, and may be necessary to instructively trace the origin of marriage and of the family for the

student of sociology, there is much unsavory matter, not fitted to sweeten the imagination, and needlessly intruded in a work for the general reader. In his last chapter M. Letourneau says:—'Monogamic marriage will continue to subsist; it is the last comer, and much the most worthy; * * * but it will have more and more equality in it, and less and less of legal restraint. * * * It is probable that a future more or less distant will inaugurate the régime of monogamic unions, freely contracted, and, at need, freely dissolved by simple mutual consent. * * * In these divorces of the future the State will only intervene to safeguard that which is of vital interest to it—the fate and the education of the children.' In support of this view he quotes Mr. Herbert Spencer:—'A time will come when union by affection will be considered the most important, and union in the name of the law the least important, and men will hold in reprobation those conjugal unions in which union by affection is dissolved.' Such teaching cannot be too earnestly disallowed. It withers a vital root of the social system—the family; panders to the meanest infirmities of our nature; encourages the fluctuating and criminal impulses of passion; sets at naught an organic law, and discredits what Montaigne rightly calls 'the best of all human societies'—marriage.

Dr. Strahan, who is a barrister as well as a physician, and known as a writer on psychological and medico-legal subjects, remarks, in an adequate, well-digested and instructive study, 'Heredity, and Family Degenerations' (3), that the marriage contract is by far the most important transaction the ordinary citizen enters into during the course of his or her natural life—important alike to the individual and to the State. That much of the disease, physical and mental, which afflicts civilized people is to a large extent the result of hereditary transmission of a degenerate constitution, commonly brought about by the deteriorating influences of the artificial life we lead, is an accepted and established dogma in medical science; and it is the exposition and enforcement of the doctrine of the inheritance of disease and its consequences—that it is 'handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, from generation to generation,—which is the purpose of this book. Dr. Strahan insists that 'young men and women should be told of these diseased conditions—as insanity, epilepsy, scrofula, drunkenness,—which are certainly transmitted to offspring, foredoomed to sorrow and suffering and ultimate extinction,' and his setting-forth is done with sufficient and attractive statement, and yet with tact and delicacy. He believes that 'love is not so overpowering a passion that it cannot be guided by reason, nor is Cupid so blind as he is painted.' Another teaching is important: 'No one can elude the tyranny of his organization,' says Maudsley; but says Dr. Strahan, 'Although we as descendants cannot save ourselves from this tyranny, as ancestors we can mitigate or even avert it from our descendants.' A man or woman may, by a right life and the proper selection of a partner, put out the evil leaven from the tainted body, and leave practically an unencumbered health-estate to children—the *hereditas damnosa* being minimised or extinguished.

Recent Fiction

WHEN A MAN of thirty-five is happily married, the scope of his reflections is necessarily limited. Owing to the circumstance that he is a husband and a father, many questions which formerly occupied and agitated his mental faculties have been dismissed or solved. In other words, he has become a fixture—part and parcel of his own environment, and hopelessly entangled with the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the plumber, the school-teacher, the physician and the clergyman. Instead of speculating as to whether one would rather love or be loved, he is likely now, in odd moments, to be cogitating over the quarterly bill of his family for boots and shoes. The world has become for him, to all intents and purposes, the community in which he lives, with its hopes, its foibles, its idiosyncracies, and its crazes. This being Robert Grant's point of view in 'The Reflections of a Married Man,' we cannot expect anything novel or startling from the aforesaid reflections. They are the result of the everyday experiences of two commonplace, but thoroughly wholesome, individuals. Very ordinary, but very human and very diverting, these reflections are, winding up with the hope that the children may be as happy as their father and mother have been, in spite of the fact that they are just the sort of people they intended not to be. (50 cts. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—'A QUESTION OF TASTE' is a story by Maarten Maartens, the scene of which is laid in Holland. The hero has been wretchedly spoiled by his mother, particularly with regard to his appetite, so that at her death it becomes a difficult matter for him to find any cooking to suit him. The entire story seems to hinge upon a recipe for making a mayonnaise dressing, the result showing that a man's affections sometimes manage to overcome the requirements of a very fastidious palate. The reader

can be left to imagine the interest of a story the motive of which is a dish of mayonnaise. (30 cts. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

ANYTHING MORE charming in their way than Mrs. W. R. Clifford's 'Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman' have never been written. The title is a little misleading. These are not love-letters in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and those who read the book looking for sentimental effusions only are apt to be disappointed. The letters are divided into three sets, written by three separate women, who, as Mrs. Clifford says in her preface, loved the world; not meaning the pomps and vanities, but the round world itself and the people who belong to it. All had the bandage lifted from their eyes, and as they became wise proved how sad a thing is wisdom. The first tried to comfort herself with dreams, and waited hoping they would find their way into the waking hours. The second played an eager, restless game, staking all her happiness on it, and perhaps gained most when she lost it. The third looked up at sorrow, and, seeing a little way beyond, set out on a journey, but she does not know yet where it will end. Luckily for the artistic effect of the letters there is no moral drawn from them by their author. They are the record of experiences and contain the expression of sentiments which will appeal in a perfectly human and natural way to each individual reader. Each one will deduct his own moral or find his own amusement in them. Their peculiar charm lies in their perfectly human quality. We can safely say that they will stand a second and a third reading as well as they have the first. A new novel by Mrs. Clifford is just announced. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

THE MANY ADMIRERS of the powerful tale which gives its name to 'The Governor, and Other Stories,' by George A. Hibbard, will be glad to see it in permanent form, and in excellent company. When 'The Governor' came out in *Scribner's*, several years ago, it took its place at once among the best work of its kind that had been done in this country, to which it essentially belongs. The figure of the old man, powerful and envied, rich in everything except happiness, stands out in effective relief against those of the companions whom he finds again in the quiet corner which had been too small and tame for him, and the scene in the orchard between him and the woman whom he might have asked to be his wife when they were young together is strong from its very simplicity and restraint. There is a dramatic element in Mr. Hibbard's talent which enables him to grasp the important part of a situation and let the rest go, and this is clearly shown in the second story, 'A Deedless Drama,' which, in our opinion, is quite as good as 'The Governor.' A man has lain for years under the burden of a grave suspicion which he cannot disprove, and yet when revenge and rehabilitation are within his reach, he stays his hand at the entreaty of the woman he once loved, although she is the wife of the man who has wronged him. The scene of 'As the Sparks Fly Upward' is laid in the cab of a locomotive, which rushes through the night bearing two lives from suffering and tragedy back to peace and good-will as the dawn breaks on Christmas Day. It is still often urged that, except in certain remote corners, there is nothing in our American life which appeals to the artistic sense, but certainly these stories are American to the core, and yet the artistic sense is strong in them throughout. The eyes of Rembrandt have made Holland for all time one of the enchanted countries of the world, and when work is as good as in this volume it appeals to the human nature which is the source of art itself. (\$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

WHAT IS A good-looking young Englishman to do when a handsome Russian princess appears in his private apartments in Paris at twelve o'clock at night, and tells him that she has quarrelled definitively with her husband, and has decided to take refuge with him? If he loves her, she says, she will remain; if not, she will go at once. Of course he assures her of his undying affection, and equally, of course, he forgets this assurance in the lovely face and gentle fascinations of an English girl whom he rescues from death and afterwards meets while on a visit to his most intimate friend, the rector of a country parish. On hearing of the marriage which is rapidly approaching, the Russian woman becomes an inconvenient appendage. Her Tartar blood does not predispose her to a lamb-like acquiescence in the new state of affairs, and she departs in haste for England, pursuing a course upon her arrival which results in disaster for everyone. The rector, a clergyman of the Established Church, sets everything straight by voluntarily swearing away his own honor and good name. He has an ample fortune, is a philosopher, and is without ambition; so he resigns his living, content to have served his friends even at the expense of his standing before the world; and having persuaded his conscience that he has done the right thing, he does not burden him-

self with any distress of mind. This novel is by Joseph Hatton, and is called 'Princess Mazaroff.' It contains material enough to make an interesting story, but it is very inartistically handled, and consequently very unsuccessful. The grammar is bad at times, too, such expressions as 'it was her' appearing constantly. (\$1. U. S. Book Co.)

'HERTHA' IS A TYPICAL German romance by Ernst Eckstien, characters, incidents, human passions and their results being handled in an essentially German, but none the less interesting, manner. For Eckstien is interesting, and this latest novel of his, translated by Mrs. Bell, is well written and readable if a trifle overdone towards the close. Hertha is introduced to us as an orphan girl, possessed with a sense of her own loneliness in the world, but very happy at the moment over the prospect of a visit she is about to make to one of her school friends. At the house of these people she meets a man more than sixty years of age who immediately adores her and asks her hand in marriage. She gives herself to him, loving him because of the sweetness and nobility of his nature and content to be adored by him, without being the least in love with him in return. She moves along for some years in this state of placid contentment until a younger man, an artist, crosses her path and she suddenly awakens to the fact that to be content is not always to be happy. For the first time she sees that her husband is old. The two lines on either side of his nose were never so sharply defined before; and beneath his eyes are heavy shadows. He is not changed, however; the trouble lies with herself, and he is not long in discovering it. He confides the situation to his most intimate friend, asking his advice as to the remedy for it. There is no satisfaction to be gained from him, however, and shortly afterwards, at the end of a day's hunt, the husband is found in a ditch with his face to the ground and a bullet in his brain. Hertha marries her artist lover in the course of time, and it is with the success or failure of this marriage that the story chiefly deals. The man to whom the situation was confided is a long time discovering whether his dead friend was wise or not. (75 cts. Geo. Gottsberger Peck.)

MARY J. SERRANO has translated from the French of Emile Souvestre a novel called 'Man and Money,' the object of which one might suppose is to show how little of a man a person is when he possesses money or is in pursuit of it. Souvestre has endeavored in several books to handle the questions of the day and advance his views upon them, molding them in the form of a story so that he might thereby induce the public to swallow his pills because of their sugar coating. In this last attempt the father of a very lovely and attractive girl is ruined by the uncle of this girl's sweetheart, first because of his greed for gain and second because he disapproves of the love-affair between the young people and hopes to separate them finally. He does succeed in sending the young fellow away and in keeping the knowledge of his whereabouts from Anna for a long while. The youth returns at last, but the trouble does not end here. The uncle has stirred up a condition of affairs that results in hopeless misery for everybody. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—AN ALTOGETHER tame, uninteresting and unprofitable performance is Robert Buchanan's 'Come Live With Me.' The scene is laid in England, of course, and one wanders through pages and pages trying to find the meaning of the title until at last he discovers the words in the old song printed at the close of the final chapter. By that time, however, he is uncertain whether he is to take them and their meaning from this source, or whether he is to look for their interpretation in the fact that the woman in this case ends by proposing to the man, that being, as she thinks, the shortest way out of the difficulty. This happening to be an unusual proceeding, the author apparently felt inclined to put it into words and write it on his title-page. Many a man has accepted such an invitation, but courtesy and the force of habit have allowed it to be framed the other way. (\$1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

RIDER HAGGARD, in his new romance, 'Nada the Lilly,' has a purpose somewhat beyond that of telling a wild tale of savage life. When he was a boy fortune took him to South Africa, and there he was thrown with men who had been for years intimately acquainted with the Zulu people, with their history, their heroes and their customs. From these he heard many tales and traditions which are rarely told nowadays, and in time to come may cease to be told altogether. Haggard's aim is to convey, in a narrative form, some idea of the remarkable spirit which animated the Zulu kings and their subjects, and to make accessible, in a popular shape, incidents of history which are now only to be found in a few scarce works of reference, rarely consulted except by students. Most of these historical incidents are substantially true, and were

received from the mouth of an old Zulu doctor during eleven days spent in his tent awaiting the return of a herd of oxen lost in the snow. Day by day the old man told the story until it was finished, seeming to live again in the far past, and acting rather than reciting the history of Nada the Lily and of those with whom her life was intertwined. The elements of Zulu mysticism, magic and superstition alluded to are not exaggerated, Mr. Haggard assures us; on the contrary, many of their horrors have been suppressed. The author expresses his regret that his story could not have been more varied in its hue, it would have been desirable to introduce a gay, happier tone now and then, but it was not possible. The picture of the times is a faithful one, and the aged man who tells the tale of his wrongs and vengeance could not be expected to treat his subject in an optimistic or even in a cheerful vein. The story is picturesque like most of Haggard's, and moves quickly enough to arouse and hold one's interest to the end. (\$1. Longmans, Green & Co.)

A COMMONPLACE little story called 'Rénée and Colette' is adapted from the French of Debut Leforest by Mrs. Benjamin Lavis. They are half-sisters and totally different in tastes, appearance and character. Colette is three years the elder and is adopted into the family when the younger is old enough to be jealous of her and to resent her coming. Endless trouble ensues, and everything unfortunate that happens to her the latter attributes to the influence of the former. No amount of affection or of unselfishness on Colette's part softens the heart of the other towards her. She is proof against all this injustice, however, and remains the good angel of the household to the last, standing between the various members of the family and preserving the peace when open rupture is threatened. The book has no merit and no interest, and might as well have been left in its French dress. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)—'VAIN FORTUNE' is a strange story and has at least the merit of great novelty in its situations. The heroine's mother and step-father quarrel eternally, and to get away from the wrangling which distresses her she allows herself to be adopted by an old man with a large fortune. He secures a widow as a companion for his young protégée, and then spoils everything by asking the girl to marry him. She refuses, and he dies shortly afterwards leaving his entire estate to a nephew. The nephew invites these two unprotected and penniless females to remain with him, and as they are both in love with him they consent to do so. He is heart whole and fancy free and absorbed in a play which he has been writing for some years. At last he awakens to the realization that he would be more content with the elder woman as an incentive and an inspiration, and from that moment he is a prey to the conflicting emotions aroused by the jealousy of the young woman on the one hand and the scruples of the elder one on the other. No wonder he repeats over and over to himself the fact that those who do not perform their task in life are never happy. He has a hard time and through no fault of his own. The story is by George Moore. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons).

Magazine Notes

IN *The North American Review* for July, Mr. Mallock goes over the charges recently brought by Lady Jeune, in the same magazine, against London society of the present day. He admits Lady Jeune's facts, but successfully shifts the blame for the present state of things from aristocratic society, as a whole, to the 'smart set,' which is but a small part of it, and the new-rich to whom the smart set holds open the door. Other classes not only share in the general corruption; it is the wealthy middle class that creates it. Further, Rome took many centuries in going from bad to worse before the end came, and so, he leaves us to infer, may England. 'The Needs of the New Northwest,' according to Gov. William R. Merriam of Minnesota, are more immigrants, more capital, and, sad to say, more public spirit in 'men of character and standing,' already settled there, who are disposed to 'shirk their duty and leave the administration of the public welfare to anyone who is willing to look after it.' Archibald Forbes endeavors to show that President Lincoln was a born strategist, and incidentally that the volunteer generals of the war were as efficient as those who had had a regular military training. In his second article on 'Prehistoric Times in Egypt and Palestine,' Sir J. W. Dawson tries to bring the opening chapters of Genesis into relation with recent geological and archaeological discoveries. The Dean of St. Paul's has much the same idea of the 'Use of Cathedrals' as Bishop Potter; the Hon. Frederick Douglass deprecates 'Lynch Law in the South'; Bishops Doane and Mallalieu maintain that clergymen have certain duties towards their parishioners in political matters; and Prof. Lanciani writes learnedly of 'Gam-

bling and Cheating in Ancient Rome,' and gives some specimens of ancient Roman gaming-tables.

Daubigny, his studio-boat, his sketch-book and his pictures are the subjects of the opening article, by Robert J. Wickenden, in the *July Century*. Two portraits and some fine engravings after pictures in the possession of American collectors are among the illustrations. Emilio Castelar tells how Columbus gained the favor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Pictures of the wooden effigies of these sovereigns in the Cathedral of Malaga, and views of the Convent of La Rabida illustrate the article. Mr. Stedman discourses of Beauty as expressed in Poetry, and recognizes its reality, its ideality, its rationality and its nationality. The Japanese Beauty, for instance, is different from any Indo-European Beauty; but it is possibly in the way of progress that we may come to an imposing, planetary style, or sink into a comic mongrelism. 'The Naulahka' is ended. Prof. Waldstein tells how he found the tomb that he believes to be that of Aristotle. What the Government is doing for the farmer is made known by Mr. A. W. Harris. Two excellent stories, 'Rudgis and Grim,' by Maurice Thompson, and 'A Friend of the Family,' by C. B. Davis, enliven the number.

Rembrandt's portrait of himself, etched by W. Hole, 'Middle Temple Hall and Fountain Court,' etched by Herbert Railton, and a photogravure of 'A Street Scene in Seville,' by the late J. F. Lewis, R.A., are the full-page illustrations of the June *Portfolio*. Mr. W. J. Loftie, still rambling about the Inns of Court, has many bits of anecdote and description about Kings Bench Walk, the Dials, the Paper Buildings, about Oliver Cromwell's funeral, the beauty of the two Temples, and the fire of 1679; and for the benefit of future dictionary makers, he defines the title of 'Utter Barrister.' Mr. G. Grahame describing 'Gruchy, the Birth Place of J. F. Millet,' gives an account of the artist's early years somewhat at variance with that generally received. The illustrations in the text are pictures of the church at Greville and of Millet's stone well at Gruchy.

Lowell's appreciation of Marlowe, in *Harper's* for July, is none the worse because Marlowe was one of the two poets, the other being Spenser, whom he felt he could not judge without a favorable bias. The shoemaker's son of Canterbury who was killed in a tavern brawl, gets a liberal coat of whitewash from him, and he quotes several of those passages of luxurious description from 'Tamburlaine' and 'The Jew of Malta' which would almost beggar Flaubert. Mr. Abbey is at his best in his illustrations to 'All's Well that Ends Well,' for which he appears to have ransacked all Wardour Street. Mr. Poultney Bigelow goes below the surface of Russian life in his article on 'The Czar's Western Frontier,' and has much to say about the unorthodox, secret religions of the Skoptsi, the Stundists and other queer nonconformists who are being persecuted into importance by the Russo-Greek church. Mr. F. D. Millet continues on his way down the dreary Danube, past minarets like overgrown candlesticks, women who appear to wear seven-league boots, Turks and Bulgarians, mosques and hovels. Mr. Brander Matthews fights manfully in defence of 'American spelling.' He admits, however, that it is idle to look for logic in either English or American orthography. Mr. R. Caton Woodville shows how wild elephants are captured in Mysore; and the editor, in his Easy Chair, gives a poke to the smouldering embers of the controversy about the profits of author and publisher.

The mausoleum of Galla Placidia and other remains of Romanesque art in Ravenna are described and illustrated by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield in *Scribner's* for July. The writers and artists attempt not only to reproduce existing remains, but to resuscitate the life of which they were the expression. They show us how a Ravennese gentleman looked, who might have fought with Alaric, and how an empress of the sixth century dressed, bearing an offering to St. Vitale. The fourth article of the series on 'The Poor in Great Cities' is by Joseph Kirkland, on the poor of Chicago, who appear to be composed of much the same elements and to suffer from the same causes as the poor of New York. 'Suggestions' of what there may be down in 'The Depths of the Sea,' thrown out by Prof. Shaler in his article, are illustrated in the most approved style of 'Our special artist on the spot.' In 'The Evolution of a City Square,' Superintendent Parsons shows what has been done in the way of beautifying the squares of this city. The work was begun in a small way, and at tremendous expense, by the Tweed administration, but the fine appearance of most of the pretty little parks now in existence is to be credited to Mr. Parsons, himself. His article should have an interest for people of other cities as showing what trees and shrubs may be depended upon to grow and thrive in poor soil and in densely peopled neighborhoods. 'The Wrecker' comes to a close in this number with a massacre as grim as anything in Norse or Gaelic, and with a dedication to that most peaceful of painters, Mr. Will H. Low.

Mr. Eben Greenough Scott, who writes on 'General McClellan' in the July *Atlantic*, would, it appears, hardly agree with Mr. Archibald Forbes in *The North American* as to the military genius of President Lincoln. One of McClellan's faults, according to Mr. Scott, was his want of tact in dealing with the 'politicians' who hampered him with senseless advice and orders impossible to carry out. But a graver fault was his want of readiness to seize occasions that he had not foreseen. In short, Mr. Scott's estimate of his hero, after all is said, differs little from the popular one. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, describing his Japanese garden in Izumo, brings to light many fanciful bits of folk-lore connected with stones and trees, frogs, snakes, birds and crickets. Mr. William Cranshaw Lawton, 'Looking toward Salamis,' fights o'er again the whole Persian war as introduction to a promised version of the 'Persae' of Æschylus. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., paints 'The American Idealist,' making Emerson and the Brook Farm philosophers sit for the portrait. Vida D. Scudder has a long 'appreciation' of the 'Prometheus Unbound' of Shelley; H. C. Merwin writes on 'Arabian Horses'; and Theodore Roosevelt on a subject at least as 'timely,' 'Political Assessments in the Coming Campaign.'

The Lounger

'LET US LOWELLITES rather thank our stars than cry to the moon over Dean Bradley's lame bowing of our Minister-poet-essayist out of Westminster Abbey,' Argus writes to me from Newark. 'All that glisters is not gold; even a niche in the Abbey has its seamy side. Look what they did for Kingsley, the Englishman, when they placed his bust in that cobwebby limbo near the West door. A bit, just a whimsical bit, of the glory of Lowell lay in the architectural uniqueness of his beard. And Kingsley of the East Wind, valiantest facer of it to the very death (as it was of him), those flying whiskers of his were the very wings of the Kingsley genius. As well have whittled his glorious Roman nose down into a vulgar snub as rob his manly face of its waving pennons. After his death, Mr. Woolner, R.A., the sculptor and poet, was entrusted with the privilege of immortalizing his foretime hot Radical comrade in a bust. When the thing was unveiled—behold—our Charles Kingsley in the nude, stripped of his clothes and shorn of his lifelong whiskers! Picture Lowell higgling for his scalp with the money-changers of the temple! I think he would have preferred to go down to posterity in unsanctified wholeness. Never was there so barbarous an outrage perpetrated by Art upon Letters as this barefaced shaving of poor Kingsley. I chanced to find myself, a year later, in the fine studio of Woolner, R.A., whom I ventured to catechize upon his caricaturing experiment on a defunct mortal who had never done him any harm, and I pointed to the original model as it glared us in the face with its pupil-less eye-balls. "Oh,—ah," said the Chiseler, "you allude to the whiskers—well, you see, I couldn't retain them, because they are not classical." And Woolner's beard at that moment would have made Moses tear his own out in sheer envy.'

MR. LANG thinks the late E. A. Poe an 'absolutely unimportant modern.' This is a hard judgment on American poetry, for if Poe was not a poet, America has failed thus far to 'produce' one. The accomplished Andrew is excoriating the bibliomaniacs who compete for first editions. 'The latest folly,' he calls it, in the *London Daily News*—

the latest folly, which is foolish indeed, the collection of First Editions of absolutely unimportant moderns. Poe's 'Tamerlane,' for example, a little tract of boyish verse, lately sold in America for some 400*l.*, as if it had been a Walton. As any one can buy Poe's 'Tamerlane' with his other verses for a shilling or so, this price for poetry only curious is simply silly. Verse books of twenty years ago, by modern poetasters, are vended for five pounds apiece, though they have no bibliographical interest, and, as poetry, are mere trivialities. Compared with these conspicuous absurdities, the collection of postage-stamps becomes almost respectable. These books are no more worth the notice of grown-up men than the commonplaces and ally tors accumulated by Master Bardell. The future does not want them, the recent past did not want them, the present, in this fashion, is, as Mr. Bumble, in a revolutionary mood, said of the law, 'a Ass.' But preaching never yet corrected a fashion. We need a sumptuary enactment against modern First Editions.

I NOTICE THAT Mr. Smalley is somewhat sceptical about the recent sale of a 'first folio' by Dodd, Mead & Co. for \$6000. The sale was noted in this column on April 30; and on June 5 the *Tribune* printed a letter from G. W. S., in which he said that 'it would be interesting to know the size of the \$6000 copy in America, and its condition, and the reason of the extraordinary price asked and given.' 'Bibliophilus' writes in *The Publishers'*

Weekly of June 18 that the story of the sale is perfectly correct; that the copy was 'a really fine one, sound, clean and richly bound'; and that the same firm sold a similar copy, not two years ago, for \$6500.

FEW PEOPLE WHO are not out-and-out bibliomaniacs keep the catalogues they receive from booksellers for more than a day or two; then, wanting the space on their desks for something else, they toss them into the waste-basket. This latter fate, however, will not be that of the 'Catalogue of Some First Editions, Choice Specimens of Printing, Extra-Illustrated Books, Fine Bindings, and other Rarities, selected from the stock of Charles Scribner's Sons'; for besides giving an interesting list of books, it is a remarkably fine specimen of printing, and contains three facsimiles in color of bindings that would not be out of place in a book devoted to the subject of bindings. One of the treasures of this catalogue is the Rev. John Norton's 'Redeemed Captive'—a little pamphlet of forty pages, in the original unbound state, and so 'rare' that there was no copy of it in the Brinley, Brown, Murphy, Menzies, Barlow or Ives library. The price is \$650. If you should happen to find this pamphlet in an old attic, you would never dream that it was worth carrying away, unless you had seen this catalogue.

A READER of this column, whose name is by no means unknown, sends me these graceful lines, under the headline 'M. A. 1822—1888':—

Oars, for dear Arnold's sake
By Laleham lightly bound,
And near the bank, O soft!
Darling swan:
Let not the o'erweary wake
From this his natal ground,
But where he slumbered oft
Slumber on.

Matthew Arnold was buried at Laleham Church on the Thames on April 19, 1888. The Dean of Westminster and Archdeacon Farrar 'officiated'; and Mr. Browning, Lord Coleridge, the historian Lecky, Dr. Jowett, Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward (the poet's niece) and Sir Edwin Arnold (to whom he was not related), attended the simple services 'amid heavily falling rain.'

I SUPPOSE that, to the end of time, people will go on writing about Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle and the rest of the giants of those days, and we will go on reading about them just as though we had never read anything on the subject before. I have been reading Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's 'Conversations with Carlyle' with quite as much interest as though I had not read all the books about the Sage of Chelsea that have appeared at brief intervals ever since his death. Sir Charles claims to give a new view of Carlyle, and he furthermore claims that it is the true view. I cannot vouch for this latter statement, but it is certainly a more pleasing view of Carlyle than that which is usually presented: The portrait is more human than the one with which we are most familiar, and I certainly prefer to think that it is the best likeness. Why, because a man is a philosopher, he should also be a snap-dragon I cannot understand. 'Give a dog a bad name and kill him' is a saying capable of a human as well as a canine application. When once it was set forth that Carlyle was a growler, everybody who had ever met him thought it incumbent upon him to tell an anecdote illustrative of his grumpy habit. I don't believe that he was half as cross and ill-tempered as he has been made to appear. If the truth were known, we should find that he was a humorist. I grant you that his humor was grim, but it was humor nevertheless. There is a great difference in the way a thing sounds in print and when it is spoken. A tone of the voice, a twinkle of the eye gives an interpretation to harsh-looking words that type can never supply. No, I believe that Carlyle has been misjudged. He was no 'cross-patch,' and he should not have been taken seriously any more than the man who chaffs.

SIR CHARLES 'conversed' with other interesting men besides Carlyle. One of them was Thackeray, whom he describes as 'a large, robust, fresh-looking man, with hair turning gray.' The expression of the face he found disappointing; 'the damaged nose and bad teeth mar its otherwise benign effect,' he wrote at the time. The smile of the great novelist was 'warm, but hardly genial.' Perhaps the occasion of the smile had something to do with its want of geniality. Possibly he knew that Sir Charles was making a note of it.

Boston Letter

I CONFESS to having a great deal of sympathy with the 'Notes and Queries' inquirers, for it is often interesting to clear up some little point which for a long time has perplexed or eluded you. But I have no sympathy with the ungentle readers who plod through a story, or a letter, full of lynx-like hope that they may find some little error over which they can gloat. When they do find it, more happiness comes to their souls than has been gained by reading everything else the article contained. The writer may have said that some historical personage had black hair, whereas the fault-finder alleges that there were three spears of red hair in that black, and therefore the statement was incorrect; or, the writer may have declared that a certain event happened in the summer of 1862, and our busy fault-finder discovers that it happened on the day before the summer, according to the almanac, began. Please do not mistake me. A correction of any important fact is desirable, and ought always to be welcomed, but what I personally dislike is the habit of picking out flaws, while at the same time the fault-finder neglects to utter a word of sympathy.

I have just received a letter from a lady who, I fear, is no follower of David Crockett's advice. She writes in a most dogmatic way:—

I notice, quoted from *The Critic* of May 21st, the statement that "Father Brighthopes," we all know, was the first novel Mr. Trowbridge wrote. This is a misstatement, and I only wonder that Mr. Trowbridge allows it to go uncontradicted. His first published novel, and it appeared some time before 'Father Brighthopes,' was entitled 'Martin Merrivale,' by Paul Crayton. I am quite confident that it first appeared as a serial. It was in part (or supposed at the time to be) an autobiography, reciting the trials of a young man who went to Boston to make his living by his pen. I have this book in my possession, but it is not now in my hands. It was large enough for two volumes, but was published in one clumsy and cumbersome book, which tumbled out of the binding at one reading. I know Mr. Trowbridge very well, and am sure he will corroborate what I have said.

Certainly nothing could be more assertive than this, and as I had written the paragraph criticised, I turned at once to Allibone to see if I was in error. Allibone gave 'Father Brighthopes' as the first novel and 'Martin Merrivale' as the fourth. I stepped around to the rear of the Old South Church, and in the pleasant front office of Mr. William Lee, of Lee & Shepard, asked that publisher of more than fifty years' experience which novel Mr. Trowbridge wrote first. "'Father Brighthopes,'" promptly responded Mr. Lee. 'It was on account of the success that novel made that his "Martin Merrivale" was brought out the next year. In fact, two other novels, "Burroughs" and "Hearts and Faces," were published before "Merrivale." Now, as Mr. Lee is the present publisher of Mr. Trowbridge's books, and as he was a partner in the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. at the time those publishers accepted Mr. Trowbridge's early novels, I considered that I had reached close to the fountain-head of information. But as the hunter after errors had declared in her letter that Mr. Trowbridge would corroborate her, I wrote to that gentleman, now at Kennebunkport, Maine. He replied:—"Father Brighthopes" was published in 1853 and "Martin Merrivale" in 1854, as may be seen by referring to the copyright entries of the two books. "Martin Merrivale" is not even partly biographical, although I found it convenient to throw into it some of my early observations and experiences as a writer in Boston. For a future edition of this novel, it is my purpose to write another autobiographical preface.'

While talking of Mr. Trowbridge's work at Lee & Shepard's, I learned an interesting fact in which all admirers of his work—and there are many among the old as well as the young—will be interested. It seems that one day, not long ago, while he was in his publisher's office talking over his books, he was asked which ones he regarded with the most favor. He replied that to him his best works, from a literary point of view, were 'Neighbor Jackwood,' 'Tinkham Brothers Tide Mill,' 'Little Master' and 'His One Fault.' His friends who put the inquiry had supposed he would mention 'Cudjo's Cave,' for that perhaps has a larger sale than any other of his books, but as you see it is not in his list.

Prof. E. N. Horsford is sure that he has discovered traces of the site of the house set up by Lief Erikson 892 years ago on the banks of the Charles River, and he has asked the city of Cambridge for permission to protect this relic of the early coming of the Northmen to America at his own expense by placing a fence around the site. The larger part of the foundation of the house, he says, lies in the ancient highway leading to the river bank. It consists of slightly raised ridges now covered with grass, marking the outlines of a long log house. The danger of obliteration, says Prof. Horsford, comes from the curiosity of persons who are interested in examining ancient memorials.

I noticed that a correspondent asked *The Critic* when the next volume of the Hon. E. L. Pierce's 'Life of Charles Sumner' would appear, and so I made inquiries. The work is now in manuscript and is being printed. It will appear sometime next year, but how early or late next year is uncertain. There will be two or three volumes. Mr. Pierce has all the letters written to Sumner, perhaps thirty or forty thousand, and Sumner's own letters have been industriously collected both here and abroad, so that this foundation for the work, combined with Mr. Pierce's intimate friendship with the Massachusetts statesman, gives to the history great authority.

In the list of oldest surviving college graduates published last week it may have been noticed that but one man had passed his hundredth birthday. Dr. Samuel A. Green noted this point at once, and told me an additional fact regarding Harvard. In the entire history of the college, but four graduates have lived to be centenarians. He turned to an address by Dr. Palmer, delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society, and there showed the name of Dr. Edward A. Holyoke of the class of 1746, who was born in Marblehead and died in Salem in 1829 at the age of 100 years, 7 months; Samson S. Blowers of the class of 1763, who, though a native of Boston, became Chief Justice in Nova Scotia and died there in 1842 at the same age; Ezra Green of the class of 1765, who was born in Malden, and died in Dover, N. H., in 1847 at the age of 100 years, 1 month; and the Hon. Timothy Farrar of the class of 1767, who was born in Lincoln and died in Hollis, N. H., in 1849, at the same age. All of these centenarians, it will be seen, were natives of the old Bay State.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale sailed on Saturday for a two months visit to England and France. While abroad he will write letters to *The Commonwealth*. . . . It is intimated that Prof. John K. Lord will be chosen acting president of Dartmouth. Prof. Lord graduated at Hanover in 1868, and has been an instructor at the college ever since 1869, holding lately the associate professorship of Latin language and literature. . . . Miss Adelaide Cole, daughter of the late J. Foxcroft Cole and, like her father, an artist of distinction, was married yesterday to Mr. William C. Chase, a young architect of Boston. The marriage occurred at King's Chapel the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody officiating. . . . T. Clark Oliver of Lynn, a marine artist, whose 'Monitor' and 'Kearsarge' are best known from their steel plate copies, died last Thursday aged about 68. . . . Mrs. French-Sheldon was at the Vendome in this city when news reached her, on Sunday, of the sudden death, in England, of her husband, Mr. E. L. Sheldon. She has been busy upon her book of travels through Africa and, by the wish of her husband, had not been informed of the serious nature of his illness. Mrs. Sheldon was almost prostrated by the news. Her husband, who was a native of Michigan and forty-three years of age, visited Boston a few weeks ago while on his way to Kansas City in the interests of the Jarvis & Conklin financial house of London, with which he has been associated. His death was caused by pleurisy followed by heart-failure.

BOSTON, June 28, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

FOR LOVERS of the past, more especially of the still life of bygone times, Prof. Middleton's new work upon 'Illustrated Magazines' will prove a treasure. The Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge is an enthusiast over his subject, and he causes readers already imbued with a like spirit to burn with a like fire. He describes himself as deriving 'an intense pleasure and refreshment' from the study of a fine mediæval illustrated manuscript, its exquisite borders, miniatures, and initial letters, 'the product of an age which in almost every respect differed widely from the unhappy machine-driven nineteenth century in which we now live.' This is perhaps a little hard upon our poor *fin-de-siècle* times; but there is a vein of truth in Prof. Middleton's exultation over the leisure and the independence which characterized those learned denizens of the monastery, and enabled them to produce such marvels of patient achievement, that cannot but find an echo in many an over-wrought mind to-day. One feels glad to think that there was once a period in the history of the world when there was no hurry.

Time was of no importance to the gentle Brother who plied his peaceful task, and saw the page upon which he had been employed for weeks and months slowly ripen to maturity. No urgent editor, no arbitrary publisher harassed him with the lash of public demand. There was no demand. The work upon which he was engaged was destined for no excited and impetuous market. He toiled for the glory of God, and the honor of his order—and such toil was his delight. Whilst absorbed in its minute details, the long, lazy, monastic hours passed unheeded,—or rather flew by,

only to be marked by the waning of the light, or the summons of the bell to vespers or to complin.

All of this is vividly brought before our eyes in Prof. Middleton's most interesting and instructive volume. We learn from it, moreover, that one of the most noticeable matters connected with illuminated manuscripts is the remarkable manner in which the technical processes lasted, almost without alteration, down to the latest mediæval period. This, we are informed, was due partly to the unbroken chain of traditional practice, and partly to the slavish obedience of the clerks of the Middle Ages to the precepts of such classical writers as Vitruvius, and Pliny the Elder. It was only when the business fell into the hands of some secular guild—such as the Painters' Companies of Paris or Bruges—that the art began to alter and deteriorate; until, as our indignant Slade Professor affirms, 'it is impossible to characterize in polite language that masterpiece of commercial art called "The Victoria Psalter," which was printed on a *steam press*, on *machine-made paper*, illuminated by *chromo-lithography*, and bound in a *machine-embossed leather cover*! Shades of the Monastery and the Brotherhood, what desecration of your beloved art! But be of good cheer; there are signs of better times to be discerned even in this day of steam and storm; and even from Fleet Street and the Strand occasionally emanate things of beauty which a cloister need not despise.

'Res Judicatæ', a collection of short essays by Augustine Birrell, although not equal to his bright and popular 'Obiter Dicta,' is very well worth perusal. Mr. Birrell's style in composition is always delightful, his wit is unforced, and his reflections on life and humanity have about them a gentle seriousness which commends them to the thoughtful. 'Res Judicatæ' is a book to be laid on a library table, where it is sure to attract here a one and there a one, until presently no reader in the house but will have obtained some knowledge of its contents, and perchance have learned something from them.

From Mr. George Allen comes a new and single-volume edition of Ruskin's 'Elements of Drawing.' This is a handy volume which youthful artists will hail with pleasure, and which can be carried about easily in bag or knapsack. About the value of the book there can, of course, be no two opinions.

'Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age' is one of those enchanting books of which lovers of poetry never tire. The scattered lyrics of the Elizabethan era have been again and again gathered together and presented to us, but it seems to me I have never before met them so exhaustively dealt with or so admirably mounted as they are in the work just issued by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

Anent 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' the original edition was not to be had at its original price, except in a few obscure and ignorant quarters, for about a fortnight before it was sold out. We, in this house, bought three copies in three days, and gave three different sums for the same book. Relating this at an old Cheshire manor-house during Whitsuntide, one of the guests present, fired by some quotations from 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy' which went the round of the table, rode off to Chester, in hot haste, the following morning, and reappeared triumphantly with the 'Ballads' under his arm. He had not only got a copy, but got it cheap: he considered he had done rather a smart thing in routing about in old behind-the-times Chester instead of writing to 'a London fellow who would have swindled him, and pretended the book was scarce,' etc. He was not quite so exultant a few minutes later; some cruel finger had pointed out the words 'Second edition,' at the bottom of the page. I am bound to add, however, that after a momentary discomfiture consequent on the discovery that he had not been quite so smart as he thought, my young friend settled down to investigate his purchase, and neither turned his head to right nor to left for some time thereafter.

Is *The Idler* on the wane, or not? One hardly likes to think it is, but certainly, though still to be seen about a good deal, it is not much talked about—and that, after all, is the test.

The United Service Magazine is not a periodical which very often claims attention, but there is a most amusing article in the present number, entitled 'An Old Soldier's Pets.' Never were such curious pets as Gen. Frederick Middleton—the 'Old Soldier'—seems to have cherished and tamed, or partly tamed, for some of his adventures tend to show that the object of his attentions was not always to be trusted. Thus, on one occasion he essayed to ride a 'blue cow,' a large kind of deer, standing nearly sixteen hands at the shoulder, which he had possessed for some months, and considered broken in. This was the result:—'I mounted my quadruped very gingerly, he being tightly held by two native grooms; and having settled myself, as I thought, firmly in the saddle, gave the word to let go. The brute gave two bucks which I survived; but the third sent me over his head as if I had been shot by a catapult. Luckily I fell upon all fours; but as I rolled

over, I saw my hitherto docile pet coming at me, with his head down, as hard as he could; and had he not been beaten off by the bystanders, he might have done me much mischief with his nasty little pointed horns.' Another member of the 'Old Soldier's' family circle was a mongoose, whose principal business in life, he tells us, was to kill snakes, scorpions, centipedes, etc., and I wish I could quote *verbatim* the thrilling account of a battle-royal waged between the deadly snake of a snake-charmer, who dared not interfere to save his own property, and the plucky 'Mo,' who got stung, but would not desist till the foe was no more. A tiger cub which came towards her master with 'an ugly look in her eyes' and 'wagging her bobtail,' which was the nearest approach she could make to lashing her sides, also affords occasion for a spirited and dramatic page. Gen. Middleton is an admirable story-teller, and it is to be hoped he will go on telling stories.

The other day I went to see 'Lady Windermere's Fan' at the Crystal Palace—or rather, being in the Crystal Palace, I turned into the theatre for the afternoon performance. To my astonishment the place, which is large and commodious, was quite full; and had not a ticket been previously taken for *some one* (of which I had the benefit), there would have been no chance of a seat, or at least of a good seat in which one could both see and hear. Not that 'Lady Windermere's Fan' is in any way a special favorite—indeed, 'it is a feeble and commonplace affair, only redeemed by an indubitable knowledge of society and its ways and habits—but these representations at the Crystal Palace are, I am told, invariably well attended; and a moment's reflection explains why. They are cheap. English people will go almost anywhere, and do almost anything, to get their pleasure cheap.

Mrs. Waldo Richards has been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to recite to them this afternoon at their house in Carlton House Terrace. Mrs. Richards has succeeded in making a very favorable impression on her London drawing-room audiences; but London is a very big world to conquer. I sometimes wonder if non-Londoners realize *how* many different spheres are contained therein. It has been said that there are upwards of five hundred distinct 'sets'—and we who are on the spot can believe it.

The weather has quite changed again, and one of the most brilliant Whitsuntides on record has given place to a dull and wet Ascot week. Rain was much needed; but Ascot people are so often unkindly treated by the elements and Ascot toilettes are so easily and hopelessly spoilt that it did seem as if last week's sunshine might for once have lasted over Ascot Cup Day.

L. B. WALFORD.

The Fine Arts Three Recent Text-books

SOME UTILITY as a book of reference may be allowed to the volume on 'Water Colour Painting in England,' by Gilbert R. Redgrave; but it is not one of the most interesting of the series of art text-books to which it belongs. This is not altogether the author's fault, for he has had to deal with much uninteresting material. The English school of painting in water-color had its rise in the typographical drawings, to be reproduced by engravings, which were called for by the antiquarian tastes of the close of the last century. Volumes of views of mansions, abbeys, historic scenes, and the like, were produced, giving employment to numbers of more or less conscientious and painstaking draughtsmen, from whose ranks rose, here and there, a pretender to art, and more rarely still a genius like Cox or Turner, the mechanical practice of the class being transformed by these latter into the water-color painting of the present day. Most of these worthies are now hardly known by name even to specialists, and might well be suffered to rest in oblivion, but to properly appreciate the few it is well to know how dull and mechanical were the many. For this reason, or possibly from some sentimental motive, Mr. Redgrave has brought together all that he could glean respecting the works and the lives of such men as William Alexander, Michael Angelo Rooker, and Julius Caesar Ibbetson. He does not, of course, entirely neglect the greater men, but these are crowded upon, as they were in life, by the nobodies, with the result that the work is decidedly of the biographical dictionary order, and is very dry reading. Nor is the book by any means free from faults which might easily have been avoided; such as 'portraiture,' where miniature is meant; 'right light,' probably for night-light (p. 6); and 'quash' for gouache (p. 8). The author is apparently unacquainted with the fact that the ancients used wax as a medium in painting; and he says that Turner never used white as a pigment in his water-colors, a statement which he afterwards modifies, but which he would have done better to avoid. (S2. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'Crayon Portraiture,' by J. A. Barhydt, gives in untechnical language full instructions how to obtain and work upon photographic

enlargements; how to use the magic-lantern, the pantograph and the metroscope as aids in drawing; how to put in backgrounds; and, in general, how to make use of all those aids and appliances by means of which photographs are 'finished' and made pleasing to the general public. The volume also contains instructions how to color photographs with transparent water-colors, how to apply gold, mount French crystals and finish photographs in India-ink. (§1. Baker & Taylor Co.)

An excellent book in its way is 'Woodwork,' by S. Barter. Intended as an aid to teachers in manual training, it gives full and precise instructions for the making of working drawings, the use and care of tools, timber and other requirements, and furnishes a large number of exercises in sawing, planing, jointing, marquetry and every form of simple carpentry and cabinet-maker's work. It is abundantly illustrated with photographic engravings showing tools in use, and with diagrams, and though prepared for use in English schools, it should be of great service to cis-Atlantic instructors in manual training. The peculiarities of American woods are noted, and if our tools are generally more efficient than the English, our methods of using them are not. (§2. Macmillan & Co.)

Art Notes

THE 'Circe' of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.H., etched by J. Dobie for the frontispiece of the July *Magazine of Art*, might serve as an example of the barrenness of the imaginative faculty in our modern painters. This witch is only a saucy girl, and not even the conceit of the mirror behind her throne, in which Ulysses and his ship are reflected, saves the composition. For a contrast, one might turn to Mr. Burne Jones's 'Circe,' in which, for good and sufficient reasons, Ulysses is given three ships, while Mr. Waterhouse, as is usual with unimaginative people, is correct with his one. The first of Mr. Herkomer's articles on 'Scenic Art' deals with the reforms necessary in the lighting of the stage and the arrangement of the seats in the auditorium. There are illustrated articles on the Royal Academy exhibition, by the editor; on 'Cracow and its Art Treasures,' by Miss Helen Zimmern; and on Holbein's 'Embassadors,' by W. Fred. Dickes. The 'Illustrated Note-Book' contains some account of the excavations at Silchester, with pictures of some of the objects discovered.

"Ernest Ingersoll, and Other Authors"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

A short time ago I was surprised to find in Mr. Cheney's 'Wood Notes Wild' quotations from a book accredited to me which I had never heard of. Investigation showed that D. Lothrop Co. of Boston had published—when, I can't say—a book of some 200 pages, called 'Habits of Animals, by Ernest Ingersoll and other Authors.' It is a cheap reprint of four articles contributed by me to *Wide Awake* many years ago, with no less than *twelve* other articles interspersed, with no acknowledgment to their real writers or indication that they were not from my pen. Some of them contradicted the views of my own chapters; others I never could have written; and of some the 'authors' might feel more proud than I do of my share of the book. Three of these articles were republished in 'booklets' soon after they appeared in the magazine, without my knowledge or consent; and my protest was answered by the assertion that the payment for the magazine MS. included the bookright. Now these three articles and one more are reprinted in one volume, and I get blame or credit, as the case may be, for the whole contents, one-fourth of which, only, is mine. For the sake of the 'other authors' (none of whom I know, even by name, but whose work I seem to have appropriated) I wish to disclaim everything in the book except the chapters 'Dogs,' 'Thoughts About Cats,' 'Yellow Birds' and 'Something About Bats.'

NEW YORK, June 20, 1892.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Literary Collaboration

[Mr. Walter Besant, in *The New Review*.]

THE TWO PARTNERS may take turn about, if they please, in revising, or even in writing [Mr. Besant thinks]. A true literary partnership is quite consistent with such an arrangement of the work. The presentment of the story must seem to be by one man. No one would listen to two men telling it together. We must hear—or think we hear—one voice. Therefore one man must finally revise, or even write, the whole work. Now this is the rock on which many literary partnerships get wrecked and love's labor is lost. The partners conceive that each must write as much as the other. For instance, there was sent to me the other day a MS. novel written in partnership, with the usual request that I would read it and give an opinion on it—in other

words, that I would sacrifice two whole days to the task of making two lifelong enemies. The authors of this work (which has not yet seen the light) had carefully arranged their fable and their characters. But, unfortunately, they proceeded to make the great mistake of writing it in alternate chapters. Now, the style of one was not in the least like the style of the other; the effect was that of two men taking turns to tell the same story, each in his own way and from his own point of view. Nothing could have been more grotesque, nothing more ineffective. Every one of the characters talked with two voices and two brains and had two faces. The thing was a horrid nightmare.

Consider the work before a partnership engaged upon a novel. One of the two must contribute the leading *motif* of the work. Here we have the infant. It is not possible for a child to have two mothers; but a child may be watched, trained, educated, and moulded by two women. For a single child with two nurses substitute a group with two directors. The first idea suggests leading situations; these suggest characters; these again other characters; in the discussions concerning these it is obvious that there must be many divergencies into paths perilous, many turnings back, many experiments, many failures, many happy discoveries, many checks, before the whole is concluded. Surely, when two minds are engaged in producing this result, both may be called partners in the work. But there is much more. When the scenario is finally arranged, consider what each partner may further put into the work. Nothing can be got out of a work of art except what has been put into it. It will be the function of each to contribute all he can, without stint, of knowledge, of recollection, of experience, of fancy, of suggestion. If he has travelled, his travels furnish a mine of observation; if he has gone about among men and travelled with his ears and eyes open to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, he has all that experience; he has, perhaps, read thousands of books; he has, perhaps, known many strange characters; he has had experiences, adventures, follies; he has heard the midnight bells; he has feasted and caroused; he knows what we sadly call the fleeting joys; he has loved, and been loved. If he throws into the work all the harvest of his life, shall he not be called a partner?

Novelists are always being accused of stealing plots or characters. A man once called upon me to remonstrate tearfully with me on my custom, which, he said, I could not deny, of stealing his ideas by means of hypnotism. I have also received dozens of proposals from persons wishing to enter into partnership with me. One man offers a magnificent plot on the trifling condition that his name shall appear on the title-page as collaborator. It is difficult to make this person understand that much more than a plot must be expected of a partner. Another sends a bulky MS. If I will only revise it and put his name with mine on the title-page it is at my service. That man cannot understand that the work of an editor is not the work of collaboration. A third simply puts himself, his genius, his experience, his reputation—all—at my service in return for literary partnership. That man cannot understand that one would as soon offer to marry a girl met once at an evening party—or perhaps never met at all—as to take into partnership a complete stranger.

The University and Literature

(Hamilton W. Mabie, in an address at Johns Hopkins.)

'APPLICATION, study, and thought.' Could there be a simpler or more adequate statement of the conditions out of which the greatest works of literature issue! The lyric, which is the expression of a detached experience, of a single emotion, of a sudden impulse of the imagination, is, in a measure, independent of this fostering of meditation and knowledge. A Burns may sing behind his plow, in the uplands of Ayrshire, with a note as clear, a voice as full of haunting music, as the most amply equipped singer of his time; but he will sing of the daisy at his feet, or of the lark rising solitary skyward, or of the personal joy or sadness of the hour. A true song, a deep song; but not a great song. But the epic, of which a race is often the real poet—a race trained and enriched by many-sided contact with life, by wide and deep experience; the drama, with its large movement and its constant interpretation of profound ideas; history, biography, criticism, the essay—all these larger forms of literature, in which the deepest life flows, and in which the soul of the race abides, are conditioned upon application, study, and thought. Behind the great national epics, what a multitude of toiling, enduring, experiencing persons! Behind the tragedies of Shakespeare, what stirring of the depths, what meditation, what culture of the most vital sort! Behind 'Faust,' what varied knowledge, what amplitude of observation and reflection! Behind Carlyle, Emerson, Hawthorne, Arnold, Amiel, what long processes of ripening thought!

Now, this culture in the large sense, this prolonged and absorbing blending of the spirit of a man with the spirit of his time, with the spirit of all time, involves leisure, solitude, meditation, study. A man of exceptional force may make these conditions for himself, may impose a silence upon the tumult in which he lives, a repose on the agitation which surrounds him; but there is one place in which these conditions are purposely fostered and conserved, and that place is the University. Shakespeare found time and quiet amid the uproar of London for the ripest reflection on human life of which any record has been made. There are, indeed, some kinds of knowledge which London can supply more rapidly than almost any other place in the world. But for the ripening of the spirit through contact with the best that has been thought and done among men, for the liberation of a man's self through the unfolding of his nature on all sides, there is a more genial air than that which hangs heavy over the great metropolis. One needs no demonstration of the fortunate conditions which a university offers a youth of literary genius when some day he leaves behind him the hurrying throngs at Charing Cross and in a brief two hours finds himself in the ancient silence of the garden of New College, the ivy-covered wall of the old town behind him, the tower of Magdalen rising above the trees in the mellow distance.

Notes

MACMILLAN & CO. announce that the forthcoming edition of Mr. James Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' will take notice of many important changes that have occurred since the work was first issued. This edition will be copyrighted in America.

—The Summer Series (D. Appleton & Co.) for this year will begin with 'A Little Norsk; or, Ol' Pap's Flaxen,' by Hamlin Garland, author of 'Main-Travelled Roads,' and continue with 'A Tale of Twenty-five Hours,' by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. In the life of Ethan Allen, by the late Henry Hall, which this house is bringing out, the subject of the biography is appropriately called the Robin Hood of Vermont.

—It is understood that Mr. Osgood's death will not cause any change in the London firm of James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., but that Mr. Clarence McIlvaine will carry on the business single-handed.

—'England and its Rulers,' by H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey; 'Columbus, an Epic Poem' by Samuel Jefferson, 'F. R. A. S., F. C. S.;' and a Phrase Book of Electric Shorthand,' by Prof. J. G. Cross, M.A., are announced by S. C. Griggs & Co. of Chicago.

—The daily papers record the arrival of Mark Twain from Berlin last Sunday, and Mr. George William Curtis's indisposition from rheumatism.

—Mr. William Heinemann has ready an anthology of 'Love-Songs,' by Mr. Ralph H. Caine, of the Liverpool *Mercury*. The book will be a representative collection from the best British song-writers. Mr. Caine, who is a brother of the distinguished novelist, is already known to the public as the editor of a recent volume of humorous verse.

—Heine's original publishers, Hoffmann & Kampe of Hamburg, will issue in the fall the poet's letters to his mother and sister.

—An entirely new edition of 'The Wide, Wide World,' with eight full page pictures and thirty other illustrations by Frederick Dielman, will be published by J. B. Lippincott Co. This American story is said to be one of the four books most widely read in England.

—Dr. W. J. Rolfe will deliver three or four lectures on Shakespeare at the Summer School at Amherst, Mass., on July 5 and succeeding days next week.

—'The Magic Ink, and Other Stories,' by William Black, is being brought out by Harper & Bros., who will also publish soon a new novel by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of the 'Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman,' favorably noticed in this week's *Critic*.

—Frederick Warne & Co. of London, will shortly publish 'The Land of the Almighty Dollar,' by Mr. H. Panmure Gordon, a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange, who recently visited the United States. The volume, which will be profusely illustrated, records the author's experience both socially and commercially, says *The Publishers' Circular*, and gives a somewhat novel presentation of America and its people. Mr. Gordon is a great worker and a great talker.

—Charles L. Webster & Co. will soon issue Mr. R. L. Garner's 'Speech of Monkeys.' Of the two parts into which the book is

divided, the first is a record of experiments with monkeys and other animals, and the second a treatise on the theory of speech.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich, only child of Helen M. Aldrich and author of 'The Rose of Flame, and Other Poems of Love' (1889), died on Tuesday morning—'before daybreak,' as the death-notice declared. A new poem by Miss Aldrich will appear in an early number of *The Century*, and a dainty volume of her poems will be published in the fall by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—*The Athenaeum* says that Althorp Library, which is about to be sold, consists of over 110,000 volumes, and that the rarities in it cost the second Earl Spencer at least \$1,000,000.

—'Bait for Bookworms' is the title of a new edition of Charles King's 'Ye Olde Booke Shoppe,' Torquay, Eng. At the foot of the front page are printed the following quaint lines:—

Ho! Nimrods of the Printed Page,
Here's quarry worth pursuing,
Ho! reader ruminant and sage
Here's cud to court the chewing;
Ye brotherhood libivorous
Here's science, prose and fiction,
From our great stock deliver us,
And win our benediction;
Readers! be yours the benison
Who of our books denude us,
Take you the Scott and Tennyson
And leave to us the Kudos.

—*Babyhood* will hereafter be called *The Mother's Nursery Guide*. The merit of this little monthly is quite independent of the paper's name.

—Mlle. Vacaresco, who with her friend and patroness, 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania, recently compiled a volume of folk-songs, called 'The Bard of the Dimbovitza,' is now engaged in making strange use of the love-letters written to her by the Crown Prince of Roumania. Says the *Independence Belge*:—

Since the betrothal of Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco, whose love-affair with the Crown Prince caused such a disturbance in Roumanian politics a short time ago, has been sending to Princess Marie every two or three days a love-letter written to her by the Crown Prince during their courtship. The Queen has vainly entreated Mlle. Vacaresco to surrender the correspondence. The Duke of Edinburgh has asked the Roumanian Government to interfere in the matter.

Considering her connection with literature, it is a wonder that Mlle. Vacaresco did not see the money value of a volume of 'The Love-Letters of a Crown Prince.' What an opportunity she has lost!

—The Jefferson and Washington Literary Societies of the University of Virginia held a joint celebration on Tuesday, and listened to an address by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page of Richmond.

—'Your correspondent "W. R. B."' writes Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of *The Pilot*, 'criticises my use of the phrase "Fayal, the Azore," in the poem on the "Fight of the Armstrong Privateer" in the June *Century*. I used the phrase advisedly, without knowing that I had an excellent precedent in so good an authority as Longfellow. The dissyllable *asor* in Portuguese (*asor* in Spanish) does not become a trisyllable in English because we add a final *e* in order to accentuate the long *o*; so that W. R. B.'s criticism is not well taken. It is perfectly proper to speak of one of the Azores as an Azore, and Longfellow evidently thought so when he wrote the second stanza of his "Seaweed," as follows:—

From Bermuda's reefs, from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador.'

—Our Boston correspondent notes this week the sudden death, at his home near London, of Mr. Eli Lemon Sheldon, the husband of Mrs. French-Sheldon, the African explorer; and M. A. P. S. of Appleton, Wis.—a kinswoman of Mr. Sheldon's—sends us this memorandum:—"Mr. Sheldon was for some years a resident of Chicago, where he was admitted to the bar at the age of nineteen. He was a man of brilliant mental endowments and rare refinement and beauty of character. To know him was to admire and love him. Though essentially a man of affairs, he found some time for recreation in literary pursuits, and a popular series of books published by Saxon & Co., London, bears his *nom de plume*, "Don Lemon"—an anagram formed from his real name—as editor or collaborator. Of this series, "Everybody's Writing-Desk Book" and "Everybody's Pocket Encyclopædia" have recently

been reprinted in this country by Harper & Bros. Mr. Sheldon died in the prime of his manhood, at the age of forty-three years.

—The spot where Daniel Webster was born, at South Franklin, N. H., has been marked by a huge boulder and a flag-staff fifty feet high.

—Mr. George Rhett Cathcart, who had charge of the agency business of the American Book Co., died at Newport on Monday in his forty-ninth year. He came of a good family in South Carolina, and at the beginning of the war served for a while on Gen. Longstreet's staff. Then he went to England, studied literature and law, and was entered at the Middle Temple. In 1865 he returned to America, and was connected in turn with the Charleston *News and Courier*, the New York *Times* and the Springfield *Republican*. In 1870 he was employed by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., and later, when he became a partner, contributed to the capital the copyright of a successful reading-book called 'Cathcart's Literary Reader.' He remained with the firm till it was merged, with other school-book publishing-houses, in the newly organized American Book Co. He was a man of considerable cultivation and very attractive social qualities, and fairly earned his success in the business world. In politics, Mr. Cathcart was a Republican, but never cared to hold office. Hewas a member of the Commission which is trying to bring about the consolidation of cities and towns into a Greater New York, and of the Union League, the Manhattan Athletic, the New York Athletic and the Aldine Clubs. He married in 1866; but his wife was not, as the newspapers have stated, a daughter of the late Prof. James J. Mapes.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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| Balestier, W. The Average Woman. \$1.25. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Betham-Edwards, M. France of To-day. \$1.25. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Blok, P. J. Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Volk. Groningen: J. B. Wolters. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Chambers's Encyclopædia. Vol. IX. \$1. | London: Kegan Paul & Co. |
| Chope, R. P. Dialect of Hartland. 7s. 6d. | S. Francisco: Clemens Pub. Co. |
| Clemens, W. M. Mark Twain. 50c. | Cleveland, G. Writings and Speeches. Ed. by G. F. Parker. \$3.50. |
| Deane, H. Cortlandt Laster, Capitalist. 50c. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Family Physician, The. | Chicago: Laird & Lee. |
| Frost, A. B. The Bull Calf, and Other Tales. \$1. | W. D. Rowland. |
| Gilman, D. C. Development of the Public Library in America. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Gouin, F. Art of Teaching and Studying Languages. Tr. by H. Swan and V. Béris. \$2.50. | Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University. |
| Heine, H. Germany. 4 vols. Tr. by C. G. Leland. | J. W. Lovell Co. |
| Hewins, W. A. S. English Trade and Finance. 2s. 6d. | London: Methuen & Co. |
| Keary, C. F. Norway and the Norwegians. \$1.50. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Kipling, R., and Balestier, W. The Naulahka. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| MacKay, E. Love-Letters of a Violinist. \$1.25. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Mascagni, P. Cavalleria Rusticana. | Boston: O. Ditson Co. |
| Merriman, H. S. The Slave of the Lamp. \$1.25. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Salt, H. S. Shelley's Principles. 1s. | London: W. Reeves. |
| Sergeant, A. The Story of a Penitent Soul. \$1.25. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Spender, Mrs. J. K. Zina's Awakening. 50c. | R. Bonner's Sons. |
| Stevenson, R. L., and Osbourne, L. The Wrecker. \$1.25. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| St. Felix, M. A Little Game With Destiny. | Norton & Co. |
| University Extension. Church and University Extension. By J. S. Macintosh. | The Ideal Syllabus. By H. W. Rolfe. Organization and Function of Local Centres. By M. E. Sadler. Place of University Extension in American Education. By W. T. Harris. The University Extension Class. By E. T. Devine. 15c. each. Phila.: American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. |
| Valdes, A. P. Faith. Tr. by I. F. Hagood. 50c. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Wilson, M. C. Manuelita. \$1.25. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Winter, W. Shakespeare's England. 75c. | Macmillan & Co. |

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